

THE ATROCITIES OF LOPEZ.

We quote the following from a notice in the London Athenaeum of a "Narrative of Personal Experiences Among the Paraguayans," by George Frederick Masterman, which has just been published in London:—

It appears from the statements scattered over Mr. Masterman's volume, that Lopez massacred 1500 to 2000 prisoners of war in one day; that he shot his younger brother after having him cut almost to pieces; that he had the husband of one of his sisters shot in her presence, after the husband of his other sister had died under torture; and that when his two sisters, whom he forced to be present at the execution, gave vent to their feelings, he had them flogged in a manner outraging decency and humanity. A thousand, and even two thousand, lashes are said to have been given to some of the prisoners. Others were taken to the front of the army, and then informed of the enemy made it necessary to shoot them. One prisoner was crucified horizontally under Mr. Masterman's window. On the march an old man happened to fall; he was at once stripped and thrashed by two corporals till he staggered to his feet, and hurried forward as fast as his fetters would permit; then when he stumbled again, an officer, after striking him several times with his sword, stamped on his head till his white hair was dabbled in blood. The torture to which most of the prisoners, from Lopez's own brother and his former ministers down to the humblest rank, were subjected, reminds us of passages in Mr. Ainsworth's "The Lyons Maid." We quote the description given by a friend of Mr. Masterman's:—

"The torture is as follows, and this is how I suffered it. I sat on the ground with my knees up, my legs were first tied tightly together, and then my hands behind me, with the palms outwards. A musket was then fastened under my knees; six more of them, tied together in a bundle, were then put on my shoulders, and then they were hooked with hide ropes, one on each end; they then made a running loop on the other side, from the lower musket to the other; and two soldiers handling on the end of it, forced my face down to my knees, and secured it so. The effect was as follows:—First, the feet went to sleep, then a tingling commencing in the toes, gradually extending to the knees, and the same in the hands and arms, and increased until the agony was unbearable. My tongue swelled up, and I thought that my jaws would have been forced apart; but after a while one side of my face for a fortnight afterwards. The suffering was dreadful; I should certainly have confessed if I had had anything to confess, and I have no doubt many would acknowledge or invent anything to escape bearing the horrible agony of this torment. I remained two hours in the stocks, and I considered myself fortunate in escaping them; for many were put in the uruguayana twice, and others six times, and with eight muskets on the nose of the neck."

Mr. Masterman himself was tortured thus till he fainted, and to avoid a repetition of such sufferings, he made what professed to be a full confession. As he knew nothing about the persons whom he was required to implicate, of course he had to invent, and any failures of invention were stimulated by the reappearance of the bundle of ropes and muskets. It may be a question for moralists whether Mr. Masterman was right in this giving way, or was bound to resist to the utmost. We do not feel called upon to express an opinion further than this, namely, that much as we admire the early martyrs, we cannot think that Mr. Masterman was placed in a position at all analogous. It was merely for the satisfaction of Lopez that he was called upon to invent. The people whom he was required to implicate were either dead or safely out of the country. Perhaps it was necessary for him to boast that he did more than was actually indispensable, while others died freely. There were come to a question of degree, which is still more likely to involve us in casuistry. It seems, indeed, that one of Mr. Masterman's fellow-prisoners gave in on the mere threat of torture, invented recklessly, involved everybody else in his confessions, and boasted about it afterwards. "I floated with the current," says Mr. Masterman; "sometimes battling and struggling with my whole strength against it; but he swam vigorously. Except in saying that I believed in the existence of a plot, that Mr. Washburn was the chief of it, and that I had been invited to join it, the whole of my evidence was perfectly true. He, on the other hand, invented exactly in proportion to the pressure put upon him; and, more than this, with a hardihood scarcely credible, he informed me that he had supplied every missing link in the evidence, not only against Mr. Washburn, but all the accused, excepting myself, then in existence, and, worse than all, was proud of it." We presume he was only proud of it because it saved him from the muskets, and he thought it was best to act on the motto *pecca fortiter*. "Was there any truth in your depositions?" asked Mr. Masterman of another fellow-prisoner. "No, no—lies, all lies, from beginning to end," was the answer. "Why did you tell them?" asked Mr. Masterman, as he himself says, rather unnecessarily. "That terrible Father Maiz," was the reply, "tortured me in the uruguayana on three successive days, and then smashed my fingers with a mallet." As Mr. Masterman was only tortured once, and his fingers were not smashed, this prisoner might have blamed him in turn for yielding too readily. But instead of that, he told him he had done well to confess. It was in the same spirit that the relations of all who deserted from the Paraguayan army were forced to publish letters, cursing and disowning them. A wife who thus disclaimed her husband was asked by Mr. Masterman how she could have written such a letter. "To save my children," she replied. "It is all false; you know I love my husband dearly, but, senor, what would you?"

The picture of Mr. Masterman gives us of his life in prison is far more cheerful than these scenes of horror. He was confined, indeed, in a dark and damp cell, and he could get no sleep at nights, because the sentries had to cry out at the top of their voices every quarter of an hour, to show that they were not asleep. The caution was not unnecessary, as some of the sentries were mere boys, not more than ten or twelve years old. "Once," says Mr. Masterman, "I saw a chubby, flaxen-haired boy holding his musket like a pole before him, the tears running down his cheeks, trying to weep silently, but a big sob shook him at intervals. I asked him in a whisper what was the matter; he whispered most unbecomingly, and I am afraid of the dark. 'Poor little fellow! I thought you are even more miserable than I.' Mr. Masterman watched fights between spiders and scorpions with great interest, killed cockroaches that were escaping from scorpions, and then killed the scorpions that were in pursuit, admired the industry and resources of spiders, and learned to catch and stroke them till they almost purred with pleasure. It is not in his prison only that Mr. Masterman is an acute observer. His incidental sketches of Paraguayan life and manners, of the scenery of

the river and of the Cordilleras, of long rides strap the day and dances lasting all night, relieve the sombre tints of cruelty and oppression. We see the Paraguayan gisettes seated on their door-steps passing alternately a comb and a candle through their hair, and we know that the candle, which is made of fresh suet, has been rescued from some cook who would have used it for frying a cutlet. Here is Mr. Masterman's sketch of the scenery of the river:—

"If, when the Paraguay is ascended, it should be at flood, the view is but of endless swamps, covered with *camote* and other aquatic plants, or half-drowned trees showing their tops above the water, and only held by the twisted cables of lianas which bind them firmly to each other, or else floating in natural rafts, corded and moored by their tangled strands. The tepid water between them is almost hidden by white and blue lilies, or the broad leaves and snowy flowers of their queen, the Victoria Regia. Flocks of small aquatic birds are seen, it is true, fishing amidst the network of creepers and branches, but they give no animation to the scene, and utter no sound save a low, warning cry of alarm, if we approach them too nearly. It is only at sunset, when the parrots are flying back after a raid on the orange trees, that their death-like silence is broken. Their harsh screams, softened by distance, as they wing their way for overhead, then sound almost musical, and light and life seem to fade out together, as the red disc disappears and the last straggler passes."

Mr. Masterman tells some strange stories of the ignorance of the Paraguayan priests, and of the religious condition of the people. Some dolls he took out from England as playthings for children were at once appropriated by the elders, and made into fashionable suits; while the contents of a Noah's ark were arranged on an altar, to represent the procession of the Magi, Shem, Ham, and Japhet in their cylindrical wooden coats doing duty for the three kings themselves. One of the children of Lopez's mistress was playing with his ark in the presence of his mother and her guests, when he began to cry, and being asked what was the matter, said he could not find Japhet. Sure enough, one of the three sons was missing, and the child was scolded. But the Bishop of Paraguay, who was present, arrested the flood of maternal wrath, saying in his blandest tones, and with an air of paternal correction, "Pardon me, Senora, there could not have been three, for you know that Noah had only two sons, Cain and Abel." The same ecclesiastic, together with Lopez himself, was drawn out by Mr. Masterman on the exhibition of a magic-lantern:—

"Many of the slides represented battle scenes from the recent Franco-Italian campaign, but we took the liberty of rechristening some of them thus:—'Battle of Copenhagen, between the Persians and the Dutch.' 'Ah! that was a terrible affair,' said Lopez, 'I was present, to the Bishop.' 'The field of Trafalgar after the battle, Mamelukes removing the wounded.' 'What Christian humanity, sire!' softly observed the Bishop. And so we went on. 'Capture of the Jungfrau in the final charge at Magenta,' cried Thompson, with an audible gasp, 'I am kicking my shins under the table, and 'Death of General Orders at the moment of victory,' was the title of the next, which scudded very imposing in Spanish, and closed the series. Then came the comic slides, when the Bishop was very nearly the death of us. There was not enough reflected from the screen to see him distinctly and his contortions, as he tried with handkerchief stuffed in his mouth to stifle his laughter, were excruciatingly diverting. He dared not laugh out, yet his delight at the figures, especially at one, where the nose of a devil gradually reached portentous dimensions, was utterly beyond his control."

AWFUL EDUCATION.

The Nuremberg Museum of Torture—Horrible Relics of the Last Century—Extraordinary Exposure.

A correspondent writes as follows from Nuremberg to the New York Journal of Commerce:—

There is here a collection of memorials of the "good old days," which I believe cannot be matched elsewhere in its way. There is no other "iron museum" that I have heard of except perhaps one in a private museum in an out-of-the-way place south of Vienna. I could not find any at Ratisbon nor at Prague, which cities are supposed to have been blessed with one each. Certainly such a variety of torture tools does not exist elsewhere, unless it is hidden somewhere in Spain. At any rate these are worthy of a special notice. Under the Rathaus are a number of dungeons, one of them a torture chamber, which have not been used since the early part of this century, and are now pretty much filled with mud and rubbish. The smaller instruments of torture are collected in a room of the castle, where they are lying on the walls, and stand on the floor. It is a formidable collection in number and character—too many, even, to mention particularly. There are all sorts of screws for squeezing fingers, limbs, or the body; whips of knotted cord, of wire, and of cord, to which are fastened square bits of iron holding sharp points a quarter of an inch in length; frames of wood and iron to confine the body in uncomfortable postures; artistic gonges for taking out eyes; a clay-shaped thing for tearing women's breasts; irons for burning the flesh; knives for cutting masks; for compressing the face on a board; an ingenious instrument called the "Spanish pen," which, being put into the mouth, was opened in four quarters with a spring, and held the mouth distended; a machine for smothering thumbs; an executioner's sword, straight, double-edged and heavy, which has cut off more than three hundred heads, and, to finish the exhibition, my conductress opened a box looking like a violin case and produced a human skull through which was still thrust the iron spike by which it had been fastened to the city gate. This museum of artistic Devil's tools is made up of articles which I was assured were used up to the present century, in the council house of the free, Protestant city of Nuremberg—and those were only the minor articles for the light penalties in their code. Following the wall of the city towards the west for a quarter of a mile, I came to a grated door or let into the wall. Now let us see what sort of revel the worthy burghers held in these secret chambers before the nineteenth century. We find down here a double pillory (for two persons at once), which formerly stood in the court of the Rathaus, and some other things which were used publicly. There is a "Spanish ass," a thick, upright plank, the upper end being a smooth, sharp edge, on which the victim was set astride, and heavy weights fastened to the feet. An iron chair, the point

thickly studded with blunt spikes. A stout strap confined the body, and others, fastened the arms along the sides of the machine; weights were suspended from three legs and laid in the lap, and a roller with three sharp edges was rubbed up and down the arms. Sundry other things are ingeniously contrived to confine the head and shoulders and to weigh down the muscles. Further on, in another room, is a cradle thickly studded on the inside with blunt spikes. In this the victim was fastened naked and rocked; it was especially for women, and my guide remembered the last person so punished. Then we come to the rack, a board on which the body was strapped, and cords are erected with a windlass at one end, by which the limbs were stretched; and the "ladder," the rounds made of sharp-edged rollers, with ropes through pulleys in the roof of the upper end, so that the body could be pulled up and down over the rollers, weights being added to increase the pressure. Then our guide led us off through a passage at right angles to these dungeons; then turning sharply to the left and again to the right, introduced us to the execution room. It is a small room, hewed in the solid rock, with no outlet but the zigzag passage by which we reached it, and which was closed by six heavy doors. We should be in total darkness but for our guide's candle, and those she has left at each turning as we came in. Hope could not follow a victim here. The executioner's chair and sword standing in a corner of this room were last used in 1829. Near the opposite corner stands the "Eisener Jungfrau," the iron maiden. Outwardly it is the figure of a woman darkly clothed in the old costume, with many ruffs or collars. The figure is hollow and lined with sheet-iron. Two doors opening in front the whole length of the woman reveal all the mystery, but our guide likes to tell her story. "This is the gown of her recollection:—'They stood the man up in there with his hands tied behind him; you see here, in these doors, the spikes' (thick, sharp irons four inches long); 'there are twenty-three of them—one for each eye, and they all come above here' (touching her belt), 'and see here where the back of the head came, all the iron is broken off, and there is hair there now.' She closed the doors slowly that we might see the points where the spikes would stick, and stepping back, lifted a long jack-screw, one end of which was secured to the wall and the other made to fit the curve of the figure. 'See here, how they made the doors shut. This little handle pushes out the screw further and further, and the doors must come together.' Then she swung the doors open again, and, stooping down an iron bolt, and the door opened under the 'Jungfrau.' 'Look here' (thrusting her candle down the abyss), 'you see water down there—it is eighteen feet below, and now it is all mud; but there was a canal there, and under here was a machine with knives that cut the man into little bits and they dropped into the canal—that was all.' Quietly the woman closes the trap, placing her candle on the floor, adjusts the doors of the 'Jungfrau,' and darts off to the dark corner where the executioner's tools stand, returning with something in her hand, and, picking upon the candle, says:—'See here, this skull was picked up in the mud down there in the canal—you see where the two spikes went into the eyes.' It is a brown-stained human skull, the bone about each eye-hole roughly broken. In this room there is a well-worn box made of wood, with four holes on the same line, about half a foot above the bottom. The culprit lay in the box, his feet and hands thrust through the holes. The distance between the two holes furthest apart is three feet. The woman called this box something 'Spanish,' and said she supposed that the things so called came from (i. e., were first used by) the Inquisition. My guide regretted that her collection was not so complete as she could wish—many things had been carried away for safety when the French took the city, and some had not been restored—and she referred me to an ancient book lying on the rack, which appeared to be an illustrated catalogue of torture tools. The cuts represented the mode of securing the victims and operating the implements, while the text contained verisimilar explanations and advice. One of the illustrations represented the figure of an ox being roasted whole; a pretty device. The form of the ox was to be made of iron, not too thick, and the head of a man protruding through a hole in the animal's back, the expression of the countenance indicating clearly enough where the body was, explained the whole thing. All these instruments are in first-rate order, and the larger ones are in the positions and condition in which they were last used. In these days, when the ecstasies and primers of history are being torn to pieces, and we are taught even that Columbus did not invent the egg trick, it is, perhaps, as well not to see such things, for having seen them, no amount of historical reconstruction can make us believe they were not used.

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Then our guide led us off through a passage at right angles to these dungeons; then turning sharply to the left and again to the right, introduced us to the execution room. It is a small room, hewed in the solid rock, with no outlet but the zigzag passage by which we reached it, and which was closed by six heavy doors. We should be in total darkness but for our guide's candle, and those she has left at each turning as we came in. Hope could not follow a victim here. The executioner's chair and sword standing in a corner of this room were last used in 1829. Near the opposite corner stands the "Eisener Jungfrau," the iron maiden. Outwardly it is the figure of a woman darkly clothed in the old costume, with many ruffs or collars. The figure is hollow and lined with sheet-iron. Two doors opening in front the whole length of the woman reveal all the mystery, but our guide likes to tell her story. "This is the gown of her recollection:—'They stood the man up in there with his hands tied behind him; you see here, in these doors, the spikes' (thick, sharp irons four inches long); 'there are twenty-three of them—one for each eye, and they all come above here' (touching her belt), 'and see here where the back of the head came, all the iron is broken off, and there is hair there now.' She closed the doors slowly that we might see the points where the spikes would stick, and stepping back, lifted a long jack-screw, one end of which was secured to the wall and the other made to fit the curve of the figure. 'See here, how they made the doors shut. This little handle pushes out the screw further and further, and the doors must come together.' Then she swung the doors open again, and, stooping down an iron bolt, and the door opened under the 'Jungfrau.' 'Look here' (thrusting her candle down the abyss), 'you see water down there—it is eighteen feet below, and now it is all mud; but there was a canal there, and under here was a machine with knives that cut the man into little bits and they dropped into the canal—that was all.' Quietly the woman closes the trap, placing her candle on the floor, adjusts the doors of the 'Jungfrau,' and darts off to the dark corner where the executioner's tools stand, returning with something in her hand, and, picking upon the candle, says:—'See here, this skull was picked up in the mud down there in the canal—you see where the two spikes went into the eyes.' It is a brown-stained human skull, the bone about each eye-hole roughly broken. In this room there is a well-worn box made of wood, with four holes on the same line, about half a foot above the bottom. The culprit lay in the box, his feet and hands thrust through the holes. The distance between the two holes furthest apart is three feet. The woman called this box something 'Spanish,' and said she supposed that the things so called came from (i. e., were first used by) the Inquisition. My guide regretted that her collection was not so complete as she could wish—many things had been carried away for safety when the French took the city, and some had not been restored—and she referred me to an ancient book lying on the rack, which appeared to be an illustrated catalogue of torture tools. The cuts represented the mode of securing the victims and operating the implements, while the text contained verisimilar explanations and advice. One of the illustrations represented the figure of an ox being roasted whole; a pretty device. The form of the ox was to be made of iron, not too thick, and the head of a man protruding through a hole in the animal's back, the expression of the countenance indicating clearly enough where the body was, explained the whole thing. All these instruments are in first-rate order, and the larger ones are in the positions and condition in which they were last used. In these days, when the ecstasies and primers of history are being torn to pieces, and we are taught even that Columbus did not invent the egg trick, it is, perhaps, as well not to see such things, for having seen them, no amount of historical reconstruction can make us believe they were not used.

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